

SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES
THE NEWS-TIMES PRINTING COMPANY
210 West Colfax Avenue. South Bend, Indiana
Entered as second class matter at the Postoffice at South Bend, Indiana
BY CARRIER.
Daily and Sunday, in advance, per copy... 12c
Year... \$3.00. Daily, single copy... 2c
Sunday, single copy... 3c
BY MAIL.
Daily and Sunday in advance, per year... \$4.00
Daily, in advance, per year... \$3.00
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CONE, LORENZEN & WOODMAN
For 100 Advertising Representatives.
215 Fifth Avenue, New York. Advertising Building, Chicago
SOUTH BEND, INDIANA, JULY 4, 1913.

A SUMMER IDYL.
In midsummer it is more agreeable to speak of light and airy things. Victor Villas' flight across Lake Michigan appeals to us as a refreshing subject of conversation on a hot day. It is the qualities of a cooling breeze and pleasant company.

Let us imagine ourselves passengers with Villas over the sixty-mile expanse of water between St. Joseph and Chicago. There is a land breeze at St. Joe blowing across the sand hills and hurrying the accumulated heat of June in our faces. The sky and the water are blue with green and white fringes along the shore of the lake. The prospect is inviting. The gulls in the offing are soaring in graceful curves. The thought is encouraging.

Now we are seated and Villas starts the motor. The boat glides forward, then gently rises on its outspread wings. Before we scarcely realize it we are four hundred feet above the lake and swiftly on our way. Already the heat is departing from the atmosphere. A refreshing coolness pervades the body. The mind is exhilarated. The body thrills with the sensations of the moment. Such a feeling of exaltation was never experienced before.

The ship is steadily rising toward the safer channels of travel in the upper air, and each stratum as it is traversed is purer, sweeter, cooler than the last. Finally we reach the desired level, four thousand feet. It is as if we had ascended a high mountain and breathed the uncontaminated atmosphere of the upper altitudes, only a thousand times more delightful and exciting.

The swift motion of the ship, the rapidly shifting panorama beneath give a sense of superiority to mundane things and of absolute security. Now St. Joseph has disappeared behind the rim of the lake. There is nothing in sight but water and sky, the gulls wheeling about the strange invader of their domain, the slowly moving ships and here and there a trail of smoke from the stack of a steamer.

Presently a dull cloud appears low down on the horizon to the southwest. It increases in size as we progress. Suddenly we realize it is smoke, the smoke of a great city, and then it is pierced by the top of a tall building. Another and another, and then rows of them are revealed through the smoke.

Chicago is in sight. In a few minutes we leave the high level for a lower one, then volplane to Grant park. The journey is ended. A pleasant day!

WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED.
Just suppose that the Boston tea party had never been thought of, and suppose the declaration of independence had never been written or signed; or, suppose that Great Britain sent enough soldiers over here to wipe up the little rebellion in which there were "three millions of people armed in the holy cause of liberty."

What would have happened? Why, the territory covered by the United States would be another color on the map. It would form part and parcel of the dominion of Canada. The British flag would float from every school house and public building and some nobleman out of a job would be our governor general.

How much nicer and more comfy it is to have our own flag and to choose our own governor general from among ourselves. And how much better it is to make our laws from our own initiative, and how much finer it is to be a nation by ourselves, recognized as the most powerful and progressive republic on the globe and accepted on equal terms by the monarchies.

These are a few of the things the Fourth of July means to us as American citizens. It is the annual reminder of our noble inheritance. Let us not desecrate and degrade it, but consecrate and elevate it to the proud plane on which it belongs.

The Fourth of July is the synonym of freedom and equality before the law. It gave us the flag which is the sign by which we perpetuate ourselves in strength and virtue and command the respect and admiration of the world.

MISUSE OF LEGISLATION.

One effect of Melhall's disclosures may be to break down the arbitrary rules that have been set up against each other by organized capital and organized labor. The public has scarcely realized the extent of this antagonism.

The revelations in the Melhall statements gives a clearer view of the invisible field of battle on which both capital and labor have expended energies which might have been more advantageously devoted to finding a common ground of understanding and peace.

Labor was first to form a tangible organization. The individual workman became convinced by experience that he could not successfully cope single handed with the more powerful individual or corporation employed. Their interests being common workmen made them their common cause.

Eventually the labor unions placed the individual or corporation employed in the same position the individual employee had occupied and it became necessary for purposes of defense to join forces with those whose interests were the same. Both capital and labor based their organizations on the theory that self-preservation is the first law of nature.

It became a battle of extermination, a struggle for the survival of the fittest of the two antagonistic organizations and the weapon naturally resorted to was legislation. The rivalry was for legislative influence. Legislation did the rest.

Both of these forces to a greater or less degree have prevented legislation for their individual benefits, and the public, as usual, has been the goat. They have regarded their interests as of first importance and used every influence at their command to shape legislation to their uses. In other words, the representatives of the people have been made the agents of antagonistic interests.

The light to be thrown upon means employed to lead and force legislation will give the public a better understanding of the misuses to which their machinery of government has been applied and the result should be the withdrawal of this powerful aid to industrial warfare.

If left to themselves to fight with their legitimate weapons capital and labor will be more likely to come to an early and equitable understanding.

DIARY OF FATHER TIME.

In the little village of Dorow, East Prussia, lives a peasant woman named Hedwig Strawnka, who is 113 years old. This in itself is remarkable enough but what makes it little short of a miracle is the fact that her principal diet for years has consisted of pork and salted cucumbers, and her favorite drink is undiluted brandy. Hedwig, has never heard of the Kaiser, the great admirer mainly because he would allow his soldiers to steal chickens only. Every morning she is up at half past five, and winter and summer goes to mass. Then she works in the fields. She has never been more than three or four miles out of her village, and declares that she would like to live for another hundred years.

Hedwig is in a fair way to outdo Peter Cummin who was buried in Scotland in 1724, having lived 120 years. It is related of him that, coming to the house of a certain Mr. Brown, he looked round him, and expressed wonder at the great changes that had taken place since he was there last. He was asked how long that was ago, when on a comparison of circumstances the family found it was just 100 years.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS?

In an Ohio town, where the "good" people get most of their amusement by fighting the "bad," there was a mayor whom the "good" people suspected was "bad." So this was how they put him to the test: They hired an alluring woman and got her to make friends with his honor. A skilful woman, out to ensnare a man, especially if she be pretty and dimply and apt in the affections of a beauty in distress, generally, so history tells us, makes some headway.

It was so in this case. The woman tempted and the man bit like the great, gawky gudgeon that a man is. Nothing wilfully wrong, understand. No deliberate plotting of pelfy on his part. Just a foolish yielding to a lure as old as creation.

And when the trap was ready to be sprung, lo, there came detectives, policemen and a photographer; the "good" people chortled with glee and a flock of them hied to the governor to see if they could get the "bad" mayor removed.

Wonderful reforming, isn't it?

And the Tribune had so "earnestly" hoped the republicans wouldn't have a candidate for mayor. Isn't that ingratitude? Just think what the Tribune has done for (to) the republican party.

This is a bad time of year to discover that the equipment of an ice company is insufficient. People not

prepared to protect the people should stay out of the ice business.

And the question occurs: What right have government agents to pollute a stream from which wild and domestic animals drink, with a thousand barrels of condemned beer?

Wilkes-Barre and other foreign countries having lost interest in the South Bend Tribune its circulation figures have dropped back to the normal condition, a bad second.

Mr. Oren could have had little consideration for the editor of the Tribune to announce himself a candidate for mayor on the republican ticket.

It is interesting to note that one of the Wilson girls is to be married in the white house next autumn. We hope all the Wilson girls will have the same pleasure.

You'd think from what Jane Adams says that she wouldn't be a candidate for mayor of Chicago, and then again you'd think she would.

The Mulhall story has all the seeming of a proved case. Still, the defendants should have an opportunity to submit testimony.

Some anti-administration newspaper is losing a fine opportunity to criticize the weather bureau on the inefficiency of its efforts to bring rain.

Isn't David Lamar the willing little witness. Mr. Lamar must have some old scores to wipe out.

The good name of Abraham Lincoln is something the civil war veterans will still fight for.

Give vent to your patriotism but keep your senses today.

A large pair of shoes awaits somebody at St. Hedwig church.

Swat a fly on the Fourth of July.

STATESMEN REAL AND NEAR

BY FRED C. KELLY.

Vice Pres. Marshall has a theory that the average man, when you look him right in the eye, and pin him down to a given proposition, will tell approximately the truth.

A vice president has comparatively little to do, and ordinarily it doesn't matter whether a man tells him the truth or not; still, once in a while it is desirable to know, and Marshall has a system that he patented when he was governor of Indiana.

In the first place, to get the whole truth out of a man, it is best to be closeted with him alone. At first thought one might have an idea that a man would be more likely to shrink from telling a lie when there are others about to hear him, but that is not the way it works out. A man who lies at all thinks it smart and cute to tell lies, and he will do so all the more likely when he has a good audience, especially if most of the audience is in sympathy with him. It is when he is alone with the man he is trying to fool, and has a thing put up to him, on his honor, that the off-hand liar is apt to quail.

For example, when Marshall was governor, a committee of ten came to the executive office one day to urge the appointment of a certain ponderously-girthed politician to an important place. Marshall had supposed that of all the applicants for the place none was quite so incompetent as this one that the delegation was recommending with such great enthusiasm and plaudits. He asked all manner of questions, first of one member of the delegation and then of another, but he could get no one to admit that there was the slightest flaw in the candidate's character or entitlements.

Then Marshall called one of the delegation aside, took him into his private office, and told him he wished to have a chat. Looking straight in the eye, the governor asked:

"Tell me, now, man to man, if you were governor would you appoint him?"

"Well-I," faltered the man, "of course—oh-h, I think so—that is, I might."

Marshall called the others in one at a time, and each faltered, and finally told the truth when the thing was put up to them in that form.

The two senators from New Hampshire show promise of disagreeing about things often enough to add a touch of light comedy to senatorial debates. As a rule, senators from the same state try to be in accord on most of the propositions that come up or if they are not in accord they aim not to show it. Until the death of Sen. Heyburn, the two senators from Idaho were a striking exception to this rule. They never agreed on anything or on any part or phase of anything. If Sen. Borah was for a proposition, his colleague was certain not only to oppose it, but to do so openly, in full view of the audience and in a loud voice. Each seemed to serve as a foil for the other, like Weber and Field used to be.

One recalls this sample dialogue that took place on the senate floor between Borah and Heyburn:

Heyburn: I have never been partial to caucuses, and I should like to eliminate them.

Borah: I am glad the senator is coming to disclose that much progress.

Heyburn: I am not coming. I have always been there.

Borah: I am sure that if my colleague was ever there, he is there still.

Heyburn: The right of today is the right of all times. The right does not change with every season.

Borah: That is true, but I would rather have my face to the dawn than always to the sunset.

Heyburn: That is a very pretty sentiment, but a man who never looked at a sunset has missed a whole lot, in my judgment.

Borah: I have seen the sun set more often than I have seen it rise. But my remarks about the caucus were not personal. I know my colleague would not have anything to do with so corrupting an influence in politics as the ordinary caucus.

Heyburn: Oh, yes, I would.


Borah: I was really inclined to believe if I stated the opposite of it my colleague would take the opposite side. And so on.

So far the New Hampshire senators have been fairly mild in their remarks about one another, but they

The Flying Trunk
AS TOLD BY AUNT GERTIE.
Chapter VI.
Before I tell you what the terrible thing was I must tell you how the people of the town talked about the prophet.
"I saw the great prophet with my own eyes," said one Turk.
"That man's eyes certainly sparkled like fire," said another man.
"The prophet had a beard like a foaming sea," said another one.
The merchant's son was very happy to hear all these strange things about himself.
"I'll go back to the woods now," he said. "I'll find my Flying Trunk and get it ready for my final trip to the palace." He went back, accordingly.
Alas, his trunk was in a little heap of ashes! A spark from one of the firecrackers he had shot into the air fell into the trunk. The first little breeze that blew fanned it into a flame and the trunk burned up. The poor merchant's son could never fly any more. He didn't know what to do or where to go. But he decided that he must leave the country at once. He took one last, lingering look at the palace and started on his journey.
The poor princess, sad at heart and very sorrowful, sat in her apartments and waited and waited and waited! But her Turkish prophet never came. Instead he went about the world telling stories to people and tried to forget his princess.

THE PRINCESS WAITS!

THE MELTING POT

WHY WE CELEBRATE.
O, we are a lusty infant
Of one-thirty-seven years,
We have had our times of smiling
And our times of many tears.
Looking back we see our follies
And where we had the right;
We recall the days of peacefulness
And when we had to fight.
The mother country tried in vain
To take us 'cross her knee,
And lay upon our system
Her hand correctively.
We kicked and squirmed and wiggled
And showed such bravery
She was glad to quit the struggle
And let us have our way.
Since then we've fought among ourselves
And turned the Spaniards back;
Old Mexico was given hers
With many a sounding thwack.
While England learned at New Orleans
She had got in wrong again,
And retired from the battle
With a look that mirrored pain.
We've grown so strong in later years
That no one talks of fight,
Except the busy jingoes who
In tales of war delight;
We hold the world at good arm's length,
And it's a stiff one, too;
We never start a bluff we can't
Quite surely carry through.
Little things that come along,
Like lobbies, trusts and such,
We think them merely baselines
And not to count for much.
The people now are on the job
At Prexy Wilson's back,
And when a grafter shows his head
He gets a hearty crack.
HURRAH! Three separate and distinct
Times, and a tiger.
THIS is the day we celebrate,
The sun never sets on it. The sun wouldn't
dare to. The day is too hot.
WE may be insane, but if so we
are patriotically demented. Of what
consequence are a few thousand legs
give promise of having more to say
later on. They disagree by temperament,
training and tradition. In his
initial speech in the senate, Hollis
hurled a few bits of innuendo at his
associate and Gallinger made a few
cracks in return, while referring to
him as "my esteemed colleague".
Whenever a senator rings in too much
of that "my esteemed colleague" thing
it is time for the estimable colleague
to look out.
Sen. O'Gorman says he has had one
big surprise since coming to the senate.
It is a fact that he likes being
a senator better than being a judge.

From early youth he yearned to be a
judge, and, having become one, he
was half loath to leave the job. Now
he finds the senatorial proposition just
about twice as much fun as sitting
and blinking from a judicial bench.
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Route of the Lakes
TIME TABLE
EFFECTIVE MAY 4, 1913.

9:00 a. m.	3:00 p. m.	11:00 p. m.
4:30 p. m.		
St. Joseph Division.		
5:30 a. m.	1:30 p. m.	6:00 p. m.
6:00 a. m.	2:00 p. m.	7:00 p. m.
7:30 a. m.	3:00 p. m.	8:00 p. m.
8:30 a. m.	4:00 p. m.	9:00 p. m.
9:00 a. m.	5:00 p. m.	10:00 p. m.
10:00 a. m.	6:00 p. m.	11:00 p. m.
The 5:30 a. m. and 11:00 p. m. cars to Niles only.		

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Newspaper Comment
ON
Redpath Chautauquas
From Towns Where These Chautauquas
Were Held Last Year.

The Huntington Ind., Herald said: "General consensus in Huntington is that the chautauqua has been of great benefit both educationally and as an entertainment."

The Niles, Mich., Daily Sun says: "It requires no words of our to add to the volume of praise for the great chautauqua seven-day course. Its value to the community as an educational and moral force cannot be measured in dollars and cents."

The Crawfordsville, Ind., Journal: "A canvass was made of the business portion of the city today, in which a large number of people competent to judge were asked their opinion of the chautauqua. Without exception, those interviewed said it was great."

The Maysville, Ky., Daily Independent: "The people of Maysville who have had a touch of the chautauqua this year have surely enjoyed it. Some of the lecturers alone were worth the price of a season ticket."

The Vincennes, Ind., Commercial: "This year's program has been wonderful."

The Kendallville, Ind., News-Sun: "Everyone is looking forward to next summer's week of pleasure."

The Goshen, Ind., News-Times: "The chautauqua is proving a great success and promises to become a permanent institution in Goshen. It furnishes good wholesome entertainment and is a great educational and uplifting influence in the community."

Keep Your Store Cool
Everybody is hunting the cool spots, and the merchant with a comfortable store is sure to get the trade.
Make your business place a pleasant place for customers to spend their time. It is the best kind of advertising.
Make conditions better for your clerks and they will sell more goods.
Electricity Will Do It
Electric lights give off no heat, smoke or odor. No matter how low the ceilings, or how small the room, the air in an Electrically lighted building is always fresh and wholesome.
Use a fan and warm weather will have no worries for your business.
Be up-to-date, use the best light for the least cost. Let us explain why Electricity is the best.

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